THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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For the Spirit of Democracy.

THE SYREN'S SONG.

See your eagle darkly frowning,
O'er the waves his eye is bent,
Where destructions war-cloud hastes
To give its mighty thunders vent.

Guarding now your homes no longer—
Hark'ning to the Syren's Song,
Raptured by its thrilling cadence,
Sung in numbers sweet and long.

Waft your freedom o'er the waters,
Let it grasp with Europe's slaves;
Here may freemen on our mountains,
Sweetly sleep in Russian graves.

Hither send your toilworn peasants,
Where the Cossack's chargers foam;
Here to rest from all their labors,
Welcome graves shall be their home.

By the side of Europe's tyrants
Liberty may lay her down,
Here she'd calmly, sweetly slumber
'Neath the shadow of a crown.

With the bones of slaughtered Freedom
Buy the laurel wreath of fame;
Despots' smiles will lull your conscience,
Russian snows will hide your shame.

Far from Europe's broils and battles,
Where no tyrant's rod may be,
With the Ocean waves for bulwarks,
Nature bade you to be free.

Yet within your glorious Eden,
Planted one forbidden tree—
Oh! its fruits are too delicious,
Taste and be no longer free.

Syren songs will stop the fountain
Whence your seas of trouble flow,
Calm the wail of weeping mothers,
Lull to peace the widow's woe.

J. W.

For the Spirit of Democracy.

LIBERTY ON THE DANUBE.

BY LIVINGSTON.

Liberty, hunted by Oppression, fled
From Europe, spot of her nativity,
To wild Columbia, where our fathers bled,
That we, her happy children, might be free.

The spirit flow, like wild contagion, back,
To dwell upon the Danube's fertile shore,
But seized by tyrants there, her growth to check,
Liberty yielded to despotic power.

Ah, Liberty! the pride of Greece and Rome,
Boast of Americans; and shall it be,
Returning to thy native land—thy home,
That thou thy native land shall never see?

Thy Champions, who have braved despotic power,
And faced oppression in thy holy cause,
Appeal to freemen on our happy shore,
Whose fathers freed us from oppression's laws.

And shall we, (awed by Russia's boasted power,
Leagued in with Austria,) look calmly on,
Till Hungary, 'mid Austrian cannon's roar,
Is vanquished quite, and every hope is gone?

YANKEE.—A gentleman hired an overcute Yankee to saw a load of wood, agreeing to pay him 6 cents an hour until the job was completed. He conducted the knight of the saw to his wood yard, and showed him a specimen of the proper length, it being somewhat of the shortest stovewud; but the cute individual turned on his heel declaring with a great oath that he was not so green as to saw wood as short as that for six cents an hour!

THE COUSINS.

One of the best stories we have lately read, is entitled—"The Cousins—A Country Tale." It is from the chaste pen of Miss Mitford, an English authoress of considerable reputation. The whole is too long for one paper, and it is a story which, it will not spoil to divide. The first half of the story, like the bigger portion of the first volume of some of Scott's novels, is merely introductory to what follows. So we will sum up the prefatory part in a few words and then give the *denouement* in Miss Mitford's own beautiful language:—*Hartford Recorder.*

Lawyer Molesworth was a rich landlord in Cranley, the native town of Miss Mitford. He had two daughters to whom his pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Agnes was a beautiful woman, Jessey was a pretty girl. The fond father intended that Jessey should marry a poor relation, one Charles Woodford. Charles had been brought up by his uncle's kindness and had recently returned into the family from a great office in London. Charles was to be the immediate partner and eventual successor to the flourishing business of his benefactor, whose regard seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of the orphan nephew. Agnes, who secretly entertained an affection for Charles, was destined by her father for a young baronet, who had lately been much at the house.

But in affairs of love, as in all others, says Miss Mitford, man is born to disappointments. "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*," is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who—Jessey having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at two and twenty—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connection very respectfully and firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; he had the highest respect for Miss Jessey, but could not marry her—he loved another! And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconcious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid observatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessey was flitting about like a butterfly among the fragrant orange trees and bright geraniums. Agnes was standing under a superb fuschida that hung over a large marble basin—her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessey was prattling gaily as she wandered about, of a concert they had attended the evening before at the country town.

"I hate Concerts," said the pretty little flirt; "to sit bolt upright on a hard bench for two hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or speaking to anybody, or anybody's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

"I saw Sir Edward trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little archly; "his presence would perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when he was coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessey, "the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music, except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" said Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich, Pasta like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love it for its sake, in kind that of the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or Sopholes in the original Greek—Charles Woodford's reading is music."

"It is a music which neither of you are likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth advancing suddenly towards them; "for he has been ungrateful and I have discharged him!"

Agnes stood as if petrified. "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discharged him to be sure papa," said Jessey, always good natured; "poor Charles! what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, my child," said the angry parent; refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say to him now?"

Why, really papa," replied Jessey, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done." And off the gipsey ran—declaring that she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.

The father and the favorite daughter, remained in the conservatory.

"The heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched, by Charles Woodford undoubtedly;" replied Agnes, "but has he really refused my sister?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And does he love another?"

"He says he does, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hopes of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! What woman could refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way, and as much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a cape jassamine and watering a favorite geranium; but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow as much, but although you never have in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and know, I cannot tell how, all that your kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me dearest father; doubly mistaken me if you thought me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendor. You meant to give Jessey and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to your wealthy and titled neighbor. And with little change of person these arrangements may still for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and heir, for he loves Jessey and Jessey loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and adopted son, for nothing has changed that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, and to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you and for you—always your own Agnes!" And blushing at the earnestness with which she spoke, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected her fair image as if she had really been the Grecian statute, to which, while he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her. "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess whom she may be?"

"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have you ever seen her?"

"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now, mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?"

"Oh, father!"

"Oh do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father, dear father!"

"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling around me but speak."

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together!"

"And so it was settled. And a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessey with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day. But Agnes and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents well deserved her, made the pride and happiness of his home.

☞ The Baltimore Sun thinks that in the event of another revolution in Hungary, Brother Jonathan will bawl out at the top of his voice, for the particular notice and hearing of Russia:

"Hello, there, yeou! What ye 'bout? Stand off, yeou darned man-eatin' monarchy, yeou! if yeou don't keep yeour nasty fingers out o' them Hungary folks' chowder, I'll blow ye right eout o' yeour Alpine fixings into the Mediterranean—I will, by golly!"

BISSEXTILE OR LEAP YEAR.

The following from the Frederick Examiner will be interesting, no doubt, to many of our readers. Beyond the circle of scientific enquiry so little attention is paid to chronological exactness that many intelligent persons will be glad of even a short account and explanation given of the term bissextile:

In reforming the computation of time, Julius Cæsar ordained that the year should consist of 365 days, except every fourth year, which should consist of 366 days, the additional day to be reconed by *twice* counting the 24th of February, which was the sixth calends of March. Hence the name, from the latin words, *bis*, twice, and *sextile*, 6th. The calends, (whence our word calender,) or first days of the month, were reconed backwards to the odes, thus, the first day of March was the first calender; the 28th of February was the second calender of March; February 27th the third, and so on.

The Julian year, which by this rule was reconed at 365 days and 6 hours, was found not to be accurate, but to exceed the length of the *solar* year by 11 minutes, which, in 131 years, amount to an entire day. It was therefore corrected by Pope Gregory, in 1582, who retrenched 11 days from the Julian computation—being its excess or gain over the solar time. Out of this correction grew the distinction between the old and new style. The Gregory or new style was introduced into Germany in 1770, and by an act of Parliament, into England in 1752—just one hundred years ago—the 2d day of September (O. S.) of that year being reckoned as the 14th (N. S.) under the Grecian system. Although the name Bissextile is retained with its absolute import, we interpolate the 29th of February every fourth year for leap year, and, for still greater accuracy, make only one leap year out of every four centenary years, that is—the years 1700 and 1800 were not leap years, nor will A. D. 1900 be reckoned as one, but the year 2000 will be Bissextile. Preserve this memorandum for future reference.

A LAY SERMON.

In the ordinary concerns of life, men do not prosecute each other for differences of opinion; but religion, which should fill all hearts with loving kindness, seems, by a strange perversity, to have caused more strife, cruelty and bloodshed, than any other vice or evil propensity of our nature. Torture, the sword and the axe, were the instruments with which the Catholic and the Protestant churches enforced their doctrines in days gone by; and even now the sects which make up the "Christian community" find it very difficult to move side by side toward a common object without squabbling on the road. The two grand divisions of the Christian church entertain anything but charitable ideas of each other's final destiny. The bigot of either will tell you that there are but two roads to eternity—his which leads by the shortest route to unspeakable bliss, and the broad road whose terminus is in Tophet. It strikes us that individuals who cultivate this self-satisfying idea, are on more familiar terms with Satan than they wot of.

The self-complacent saint, who thanks Heaven that he can "read his title clear," and feels a kneener enjoyment of his own prospects from the fact that while he is posting upward, millions are going down by the run to a region where the heat baffles all thermometrical measurement, is not, in our opinion, quite the babe of grace he thinks himself. Meekness, tolerance, charity, are among the Christian virtues inculcated by the apostles. These are rare, now. Too many of the priests of this day are disputious and arrogant, and instead of taking no thought of what they shall eat and what they shall drink, are ever applying for additions to their income, and bonuses from their congregations. It may be that "the deravity of their age" is in part owing to the fact that those who should show forth, not only by their lips, but by their lives, that they are worthy to be teachers in the church, bring religion into contempt by their covetousness and worldly mindedness.

Infidelity could not select a better missionary than the minister whose example is in conflict with his precepts. With a less selfish priesthood there would be a livelier faith. But when we read of the humility, poverty and simplicity of the saints and missionaries of old, behold the prelatic pride, the anxiety for rich and liberal congregations, and the pomp and circumstance exhibited by some preachers of the gospel, we cannot wonder that profane persons should take the frequent exceptions for the general rule, and insist that all spiritual shepherds love the fleece better than the flock.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

KEEP THE HEART ALIVE.

These words of Bernard Barton are good. Often good and wise men in other things have rendered their old age cheerless and unlovely, from a want of attention to them:

"The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new and sworn friendship every day, increase my circle of intimates; these are very different affairs. But I find it conduces to my mental health and happiness, to find out all I can which is amiable and lovable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. It may fall far short of what I was once wont to dream of; it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt and tasted; but it is better than nothing: it seems to keep the feelings and affections in exercise; it keeps the heart alive in its humanity; and, till we shall be all spiritual, this is alike our duty and our interest."

HUMAN NATURE.

The selfishness of human nature is never more fully evinced than in the proneness of old people to censure those faults and follies of the young, which age and physical inability prevent the possibility of their sharing in, or having an appetite for. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," moaned Solomon, after his excesses had rendered him incapable of enjoyment.—All grapes that hang high must be sour. So thought some discontented ancient maiden when she delivered herself of the following:

"Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots, or lap-dogs—but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living—you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken-pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet-fever, some of 'em twice over; it makes my sides ache to think of it Oh, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, and economize *and die*, and your husband will marry again, take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fireboard, and—but what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you will try it, the first chance you get; there's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow."

WHAT SOME PEOPLE DO IN CHURCH.—A writer in the London Morning Post, who has been a witness of the abuses he calls attention to, remarks that "no lady nor gentleman ought to select the church as a place for philandering, or ogling, or nudging one another, and laughing or whispering, and having their jokes together—no, nor even should a sleepy husband after dinner, at the evening service, fall into the arms of Morpheus, should his young wife and her husband's young male friends, consider it quite decent, then and there, to lay their heads together, and nod and wink, and have their fun at the sleepy head; nor ought men to lean over the galleries, to look down; nor young married women, any more than young maidens, return such flirtations by looking up from below to the galleries: yet all this and more I have seen done over and over again, in one of our metropolitan churches, in the face of all the people."

THE EFFECTS OF APPLICATION.

Mr. J. J. Jackson, near Ypsilanti, says that a few years ago he purchased a poor sandy farm, and went in debt for it, resolved to make it pay itself, and has done it.

He raises to sell, wheat, clover-seed, wool and pork. If there is a failure in the price of one of these articles, there is usually a corresponding rise in the price of one of the others. This year he has 60 bushels of clover seed to sell. Six years ago he planted a field of corn, and he did not get enough to pay for tilling the ground. This year he again planted the same ground, and had an excellent yield. In the meantime he had given it two dressings of leached ashes, seeded it with clover, under gave the land a dressing of 50 loads of stable manure to the acre. He uses all the ashes he can get.

Some folks in this world are ever telling that there is nothing to be made at farming. Under some circumstances, and with some men, nothing is truer. On the other hand, who ever knew a farmer who cultivated his land in a proper manner, put his crops in in season, worked under a judicious system, adopted a four or six years rotation, saved everything in the shape of a fertilizing substance, and brought his mind and soul into the work, and an unconquerable energy, who ever knew such a farmer to complain that farming was an unremunerating business?

It is generally the case that those who complain do not take an agricultural paper, and avail themselves of the experience of others who are continually observing and experimenting.—*Michigan Farmer.*

ECONOMY AND CONVENIENCE.

A very neat farmer in one of the western counties of New York, who has less than fifty acres, and does nearly all his work with his own hands, accomplishes much by his ingenuity and economical contrivances. His buildings and machines, though of a cheap character, are kept in the neatest order. His barnyard, nearly encircled by his barns and other buildings, during the summer is nearly as clean as a gravel walk. A cheap horse power, made by a rope running on the outward ends of radiating arms, drives a two horse threshing machine, a circular saw for cutting his wood, and a small mill for grinding horse feed, and used in churning and various other purposes. His two horses are used for these purposes, when not otherwise needed. His farm is not only a patern for neatness, but is productive of much solid cash; he has a place for everything, and everything in its place.—*Exchange.*

MAKING BUTTER.

There is no one thing in the dairyman's profession, intended more to advance his interest, than the making of good butter, and preserving it, suitable for the table, till it reaches a market. It is a notorious fact, that very many dairyman of our State, regard with too much indifference this interest; and do not consider how great losers they are, in allowing butter to be carried to their best market, when in a spoiling condition. It is too true, the dairyman of Orange county, N. Y., annually ship this article to our Cleveland Market, where it commands a remunerating price, owing to the excellent condition it is then in. While ours from Ohio, Western Reserve, is sold in New York city, and other Eastern markets, as an inferior article and very often is classed as grease, and will bring no more than what its designation implies. There is no inherent difficulty in our section of country in producing as good an article as any other; and we have the requisite knowledge and conveniencies for making a good article.

I propose to give a few practical hints on the making of butter and packing it for market, as the result of my own experience. A *system* is essential, and nearly every successful dairyman will have his own, though he is sure not to deviate from certain fixed principles. The most essential requisite in every thing that pertains to a dairy, is *extreme* cleanliness. And only such vessels, to contain the milk, should be used, as will readily admit of being thoroughly cleansed by washing and scalding, every time they are used, that milk may be kept as long as possible. A very small quantity of putrescent milk will cause any milk to rapidly sour when exposed to its influence. Cream possesses the property of absorbing any unpleasant odors existing in the atmosphere; hence the dairyrooms should be thoroughly ventilated, and ever kept sweet and pure. Strain the milk immediately after milking. Set it in a cool, airy place, in vessels not exceeding three and a half inches in depth, where the temperature should be as near 50 degrees as possible. In fifty hours nearly all the oleaginous particles of butter, will rise to the surface of the milk. Skim the cream, and churn it sweet, at a temperature of 58 degrees. The proportion of butter to the cream, when churned sweet, is supposed by many not to be so great as when suffered to stand till chemical action takes place, changing the sacharine matter into lacit acid. But experience has taught me, that churning at 50 degrees will produce as *much*, and of quality that cannot be surpassed. After churning, turn off the buttermilk, and add cold water to the butter, gently and carefully washing off all the milk. Then add one pound of fine pure salt to fourteen pounds of butter, for summer use, and one pound to sixteen, for winter. In salting great care should be taken in selecting that of the purest quality, as much of dairy salt is unfit for such use. The Turk's Island or rock salt ground, is the only *quality* the Western Reserve can rely upon to preserve their summer butter for winter use.

In twenty-four hours after salting, work out the brine with a break or tray, taking great care not to injure the grain by over working, and you have an article high in flavor and color, that no dairymaid will need be ashamed to set before her neighbors. To preserve summer butter till fall or winter, provide air-tight oak firkins, though beech is better, that will hold one hundred pounds, or less, charred quite brown inside. Fit a sack made of light sheeting to the inside. Impregnate both, the sack and inside the firkin, thoroughly with strong brine; then, after packing as closely as possible, pour a quart of strong brine over it to exclude all air, and turn it off each day to add more butter. In this manner a firkin may be filled by a single dairy where a small quantity is to be packed daily, and every particle kept firm and sweet from May and June till winter. In this manner, with a cool, dry cellar for storing it, there is no difficulty in producing an article, in the warm summer months, of such a quality as to satisfy the most fastidious in our seaboard and country markets; and what has been done in one case may be done in ten thousand others, if the same attention and skill be directed to the object. But access must be had to cool, dry, airy cellars, to insure the keeping qualities of early summer butter, or it will be necessary to imbed the firkins in dry salt.

G. A. G.

Gustavus, Trumbull Co., O., 1851.

NOT SLOW.

Here is the last slander which has been put in circulation about widows. The calumniator did not dare to locate his base insinuations in any christian land, but having set out with a preface in which he lays it down as a settled point that human nature is the same all over the world, he proceeds to tell us that on a certain occasion a Chinese widow was found fanning the grave of her late husband, and on being asked why she performed so singular an operation, replied that "she had promised not to marry again while the grave remained damp, and as it dried very slowly, she saw no harm in assisting the process.—*Mercury.*

☞ Beautiful thought of an oriental poet: "He who shakes the tree of sorrow is often sowing the seeds of joy."